

Miss Ueltschi led us into basic Algebra; the mathematics of finding unknowns with only a few knowns. Surely basic Algebra becomes the mathematics most of us use all of our lives. Miss Ueltschi's first language was German. I often wondered if she worked her own mathematics in German or English (one assumes mathematics comes easier in one's first language). I took two years of German from Miss Ueltschi in high school and retain to this day how to conjugate an irregular German verb. By the second year we were trying to read the equivalent of a First Grade German children's story. I have never forgot the German knight who was socially embarrassed when his page misunderstood instructions. The knight had to turn down an invitation to the local castle/royalty when he fell ill. He told his page to go to the castle, make apologies and to bring back some dinner when he returned. The page mistakenly asked the royalty for the knight's dinner (instead of obtaining it at the local inn as was intended). This so enraged the knight he bellowed: "Du bist der allergroester asel das auf swei beinen herumlaufen" ("you are the biggest ass that walks around on two legs"). I won't vouch for my German spelling, but I never forgot the quote; a quote which can be used so often in life. It was especially interesting to have a refugee from Hitler's Austria join us in the second year of German; his accent provided a slight contrast to Miss Ueltschi's accent and his contributions to the class were always well received by both teacher and students. This great lady had a lasting impact on whatever education I ultimately achieved; she and the others mentioned previously, provided an unusual opportunity for all of us.

Miss Goodner, a vivacious music teacher, gave many of the boys positive thoughts about participating in choral groups. She was very young at heart as well as age, spectacularly well-built (as we boys were just beginning to become aware of such attributes) and added a new dimension to our faculty. Much to the chagrin of many townspeople she could charm not only the boys, but I suspect also many of our fathers and male teachers couldn't help but take a second look as she passed by. In any event she was, during her stay, our best-looking teacher and her puzzling abrupt departure was a definite loss.

There is no doubt in my mind that the most important subject I ever studied was typing. Miss Karen Jernstrom, teacher in all subjects concerning commercial careers, was our typing teacher. She was absolutely amazing. From almost day one she had the entire class banging the old manual typewriters with keyboard drills that to this day allow her students to manipulate a computer keyboard. Two girls in our class won national recognition by establishing timed typing trials in excess of one hundred words per minute in their first semester of typing. I still remember banging-out "fjffjffjffj--juftjuftjuft (etc.) -- those (and other) exercises on the old Royal I was assigned to use. Here I am some fifty years later typing without looking at the keyboard